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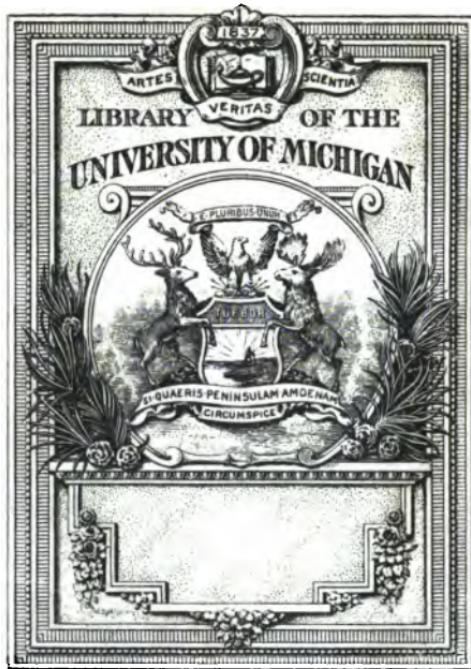
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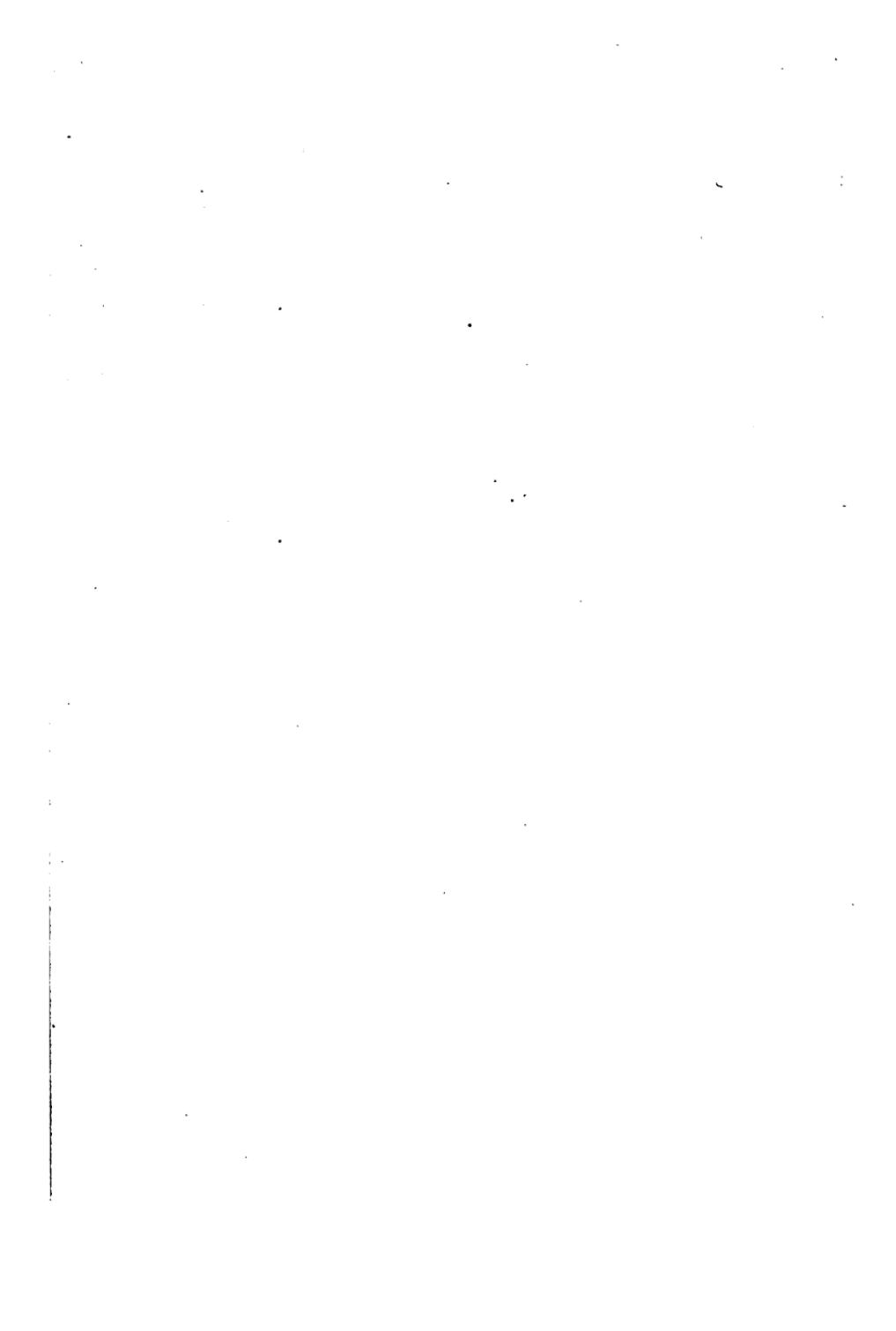
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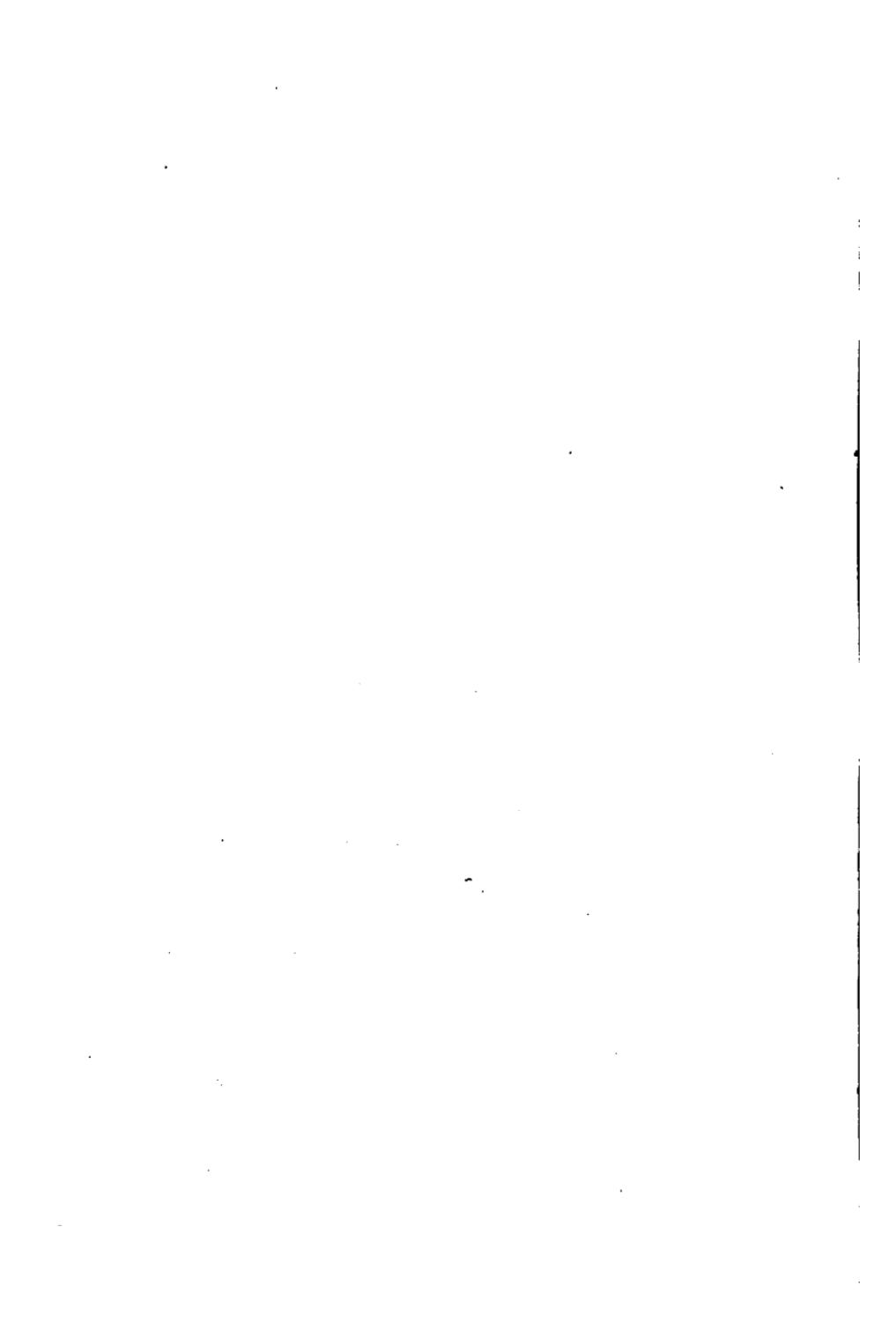


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MANABOZO

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MANABOZO

BY

FRANCIS NEILSON

London

JOHN MACQUEEN

HASTINGS HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND

1899

Dedicated
TO THE MEMORY OF
ANTON SEIDL

P R E F A C E

THIS libretto is the first part of a trilogy on the myths of the North American Indians.

Antonin Dvorak, before his "New World" symphony was performed, had thought of treating some of the parts of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," but a dramatic cantata was all the great Bohemian composer saw in the Indian song. He, however, drew Anton Seidl's attention to the poem, which made a deep impression, for Seidl saw in the subject something far more important than the cantata. But in vain he searched Longfellow's "Hiawatha" for those essentials—motive, sequence and action—which should exist before the formative mind of the dramatist or librettist can produce a work for composition.

Reference was made to Heckewelder's "Account of the Indian Nations," and Schoolcraft's "Oneota" and "Algic Researches," some of which works were

the sources whence Longfellow took his material. There was then discovered a wealth of wild, disconnected legends, characteristics and traditions, strange, beautiful and noble ; primitive ideas similar to those of Greece and Scandinavia, not yet distorted by the asthetic mind of the modern European, nor scientifically embellished by the superplastic powers of the savant or narrator.

These myths, in many particulars so like well-known European and Asiatic sagas and eddas, perplexed and sorely tried one who then feared the stock term of the uninitiated, plagiarism, but Seidl's confidence and belief in the subject and its potentialities were enough to inspire the most timid. Still, stumbling blocks were many, and not easily surmounted by the dramatist. The chief difficulty was the evident misrepresentation of deities, many writers ascribing to one deity or hero-god the powers and action of another ; principally in the cases of Michabo and Manabozo. Even Longfellow was misled, and imagined Manabozo was another name for Hiawatha, and the poet's commentator

has stated that Longfellow "took Manabozo's other and more euphonic name, *Hiawatha*."

Some writers have explained the difficulty of the two names by saying that the same hero was *Hiawatha* to one tribe, *Manabozo* to another tribe—just as the same god was *Zeus* to the Greeks, *Jupiter* to the Romans. But, in truth, there is not one hero only; there are two. You can suppose them to be one only by slighting the correlation between temperament and actions. For you cannot ascribe to a distinct temperament actions that are perfectly alien to that temperament.

Now the actions ascribed in many instances to *Manabozo* could not have been performed by *Hiawatha*, for their traits, attributes and purposes were opposite. *Manabozo* is described as a hero-god of great prowess, one who practised the arts of magic, a vacillating, almost purposeless illegitimate son of the Holder of the Winds of Heaven, West-Wind. The Iroquois tradition of *Hiawatha*, on the other hand, is of one whose mission it was to teach the peaceful arts, and lead the tribes to noble aims and ends.

When it became plain that Manabozo and Hiawatha were different, and not two names of one hero-god, a unique inference presented itself which disclosed an abstruse significance worthy of thorough investigation. And when this was undertaken, the myths became pregnant with reason, and began to take an almost historical sequence. They seemed in a bright light to glow with new life, and from disconnected vague periods, obscure in redundancy and misleading from lack of differentiation, eras and the essence of symbolism were revealed.

The libretto of Manabozo epitomises the inert age after that of Atotarho, the god of war, the personification of sanguinary savagery.

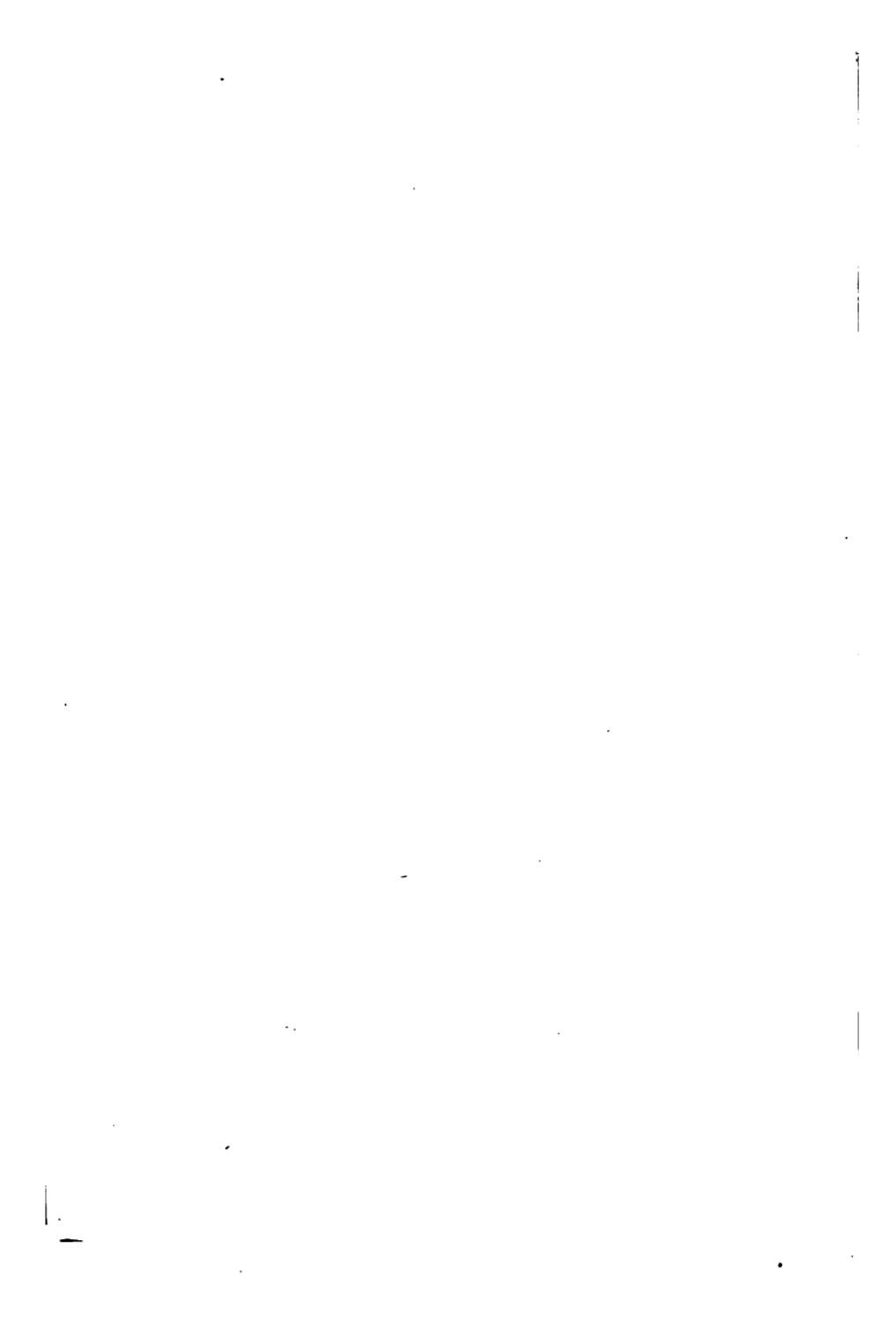
It is hoped the whole will be regarded before the parts, and that the action may predominate over the expression. Faults of poetic form in this work will no doubt be found, but the librettist has not alone himself to please. Music demands many exactations that would shock the sensitive minds of masters of style. The composer has at his command that great adjunct of expressive suggestion, the

orchestra, which may denote in a bar or two mood reminiscence, explanation or prediction, to disclose any of which without its aid would require several lines of verse or prose. Seidl, in many ways imbued with the master spirit of music-drama, asked for effects without giving the slightest consideration to the niceties of poetic form.

That the performance of this work should not occupy more than three hours, and that the characters should have something more to do than sing, were two specific aims rigorously followed in the construction of this libretto.

Anton Seidl's sudden death was a great blow to all lovers in America of absolute music. This work was his dearest aim. Therefore the librettist hopes to complete his part of the trilogy on a too long neglected subject, the myths of a once superb race, now almost extinct, shorn of all its primitive excellences, and well-nigh swept from the face of its glorious land by the vandals of civilisation.

LONDON, 1899.



The Persons

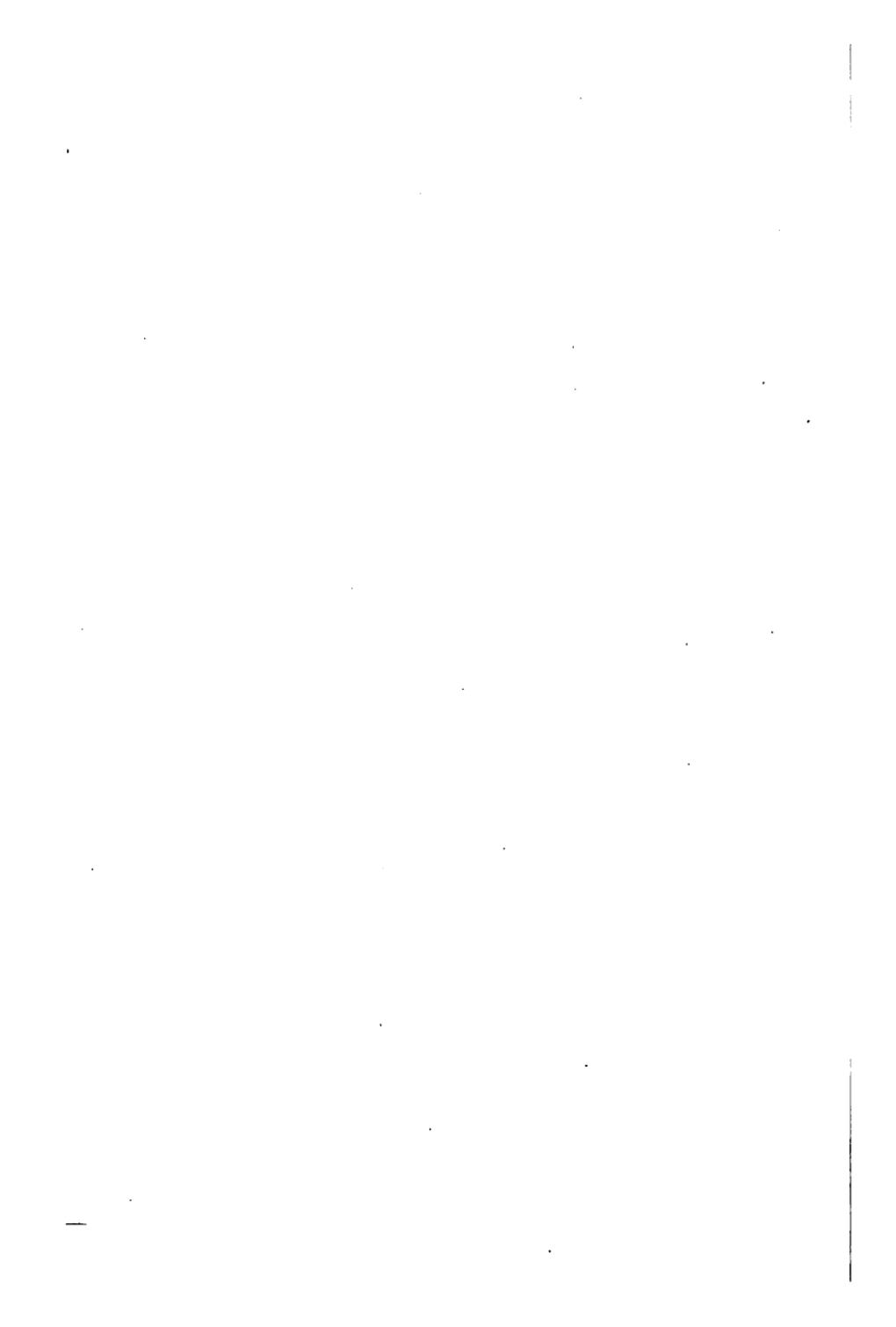
WEST-WIND	<i>The God of the Winds.</i>
MANABOZO	<i>Chief of the Objibways.</i>
LAGOO	<i>An Objibway.</i>
NANPASHENE	<i>Son of the Chief of Dacotahs.</i>
OTISCO	<i>The Wise Man of the Dacotahs.</i>
AN OBJIBWAY BRAVE	
NEMISSA	<i>Nanpashene's Sister.</i>
MISKODEED	<i>A Fay.</i>
NOKOMIS	<i>The Queen of Night and Daughter of the Moon.</i>

OBJIBWAY BRAVES AND WOMEN. DACOTAH BRAVES.

ACT I.—A GLADE IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

ACT II.—A PREHISTORIC RUIN.

ACT III.—SAME AS ACT I.



MANABOZO

ACT I

THE SCENE.—*Right*: *From the foreground, rocks and boulders rise, forming a winding path which leads up to and past a natural vault in a high rock. To the right of the vault, a large boulder about the same size as the aperture, which discovers the interior.*

Left: *The ground is broken and rises in banks, on which great trees, of many branches heavy with foliage, skirt the edge of a forest. The nearest branches extend high over the foreground, and form a leafy canopy above the vault.*

Right: *From beyond the rocks a stream winds*

across the stage and off left through banks; the branchless trunk of a great tree lies across the stream. From the farther side of the stream, undulating banks, on which rushes, flowering marsh plants and brush grow.

The distance shows a beautiful plain, and mighty mountains far beyond.

THE CURTAIN RISES.—*The sound of a cascade; the purling of the stream; the rustle of leaves; low buzzing sounds; the droning of winged-insects; and from a distance the hoot of an owl. Shadows pass from right to left.*

From banks and mounds the Puk-Wudjies suddenly appear. They mischievously revel and gambol till the sound of rustling leaves, now caused by fretful gusts of wind, perturbs and frightens them. They run to the edge of the forest, and listen. Suddenly, from left, the gnomes of Weeng—the Spirit of Sleep—with gleaming clubs, appear, and rush upon the startled Puk-Wudjies, whom they strike, disperse, and drive off right. The gnomes return to the forest.

At short intervals the moon breaks through the clouds and pierces, with brilliant rays, the gloom. An impressive silence.

From right enter a train of fairies, bearing, on a bier of leaves and flowers, the body of Wenonah. The cortége passes up the winding path to the vault: within the bearers place the bier.

The wind rises, heavy clouds obscure the moon, faint flashes of lightning; the glade suddenly darkens; the fairies disappear. On the crest of a rock, left of the vault, WEST-WIND appears.

A vivid flash of lightning illuminates the glade. WENONAH's body is distinctly seen on the bier within the vault.

The storm abates. The darkness lifts.

WEST-WIND has a torch, which he strikes against a rock, and lights, then plants right of the vault. A soft red light is from it thrown over the body of WENONAH. The sky is now clear, and the moon shines. An impressive silence reigns.

WEST-WIND mournfully looks upon the corpse, and approaches the entrance to the vault.

WEST-WIND. Wenonah, mother of my boy,
The pain of life was not your due!
No more your charms will thrill the god
You made your slave. Oh, to destroy
Your loveliness. Beneath the sod
You shall not lie! No other form
But mine and death's shall cleave to
you.
This sepulchre I now transform
Into a haven bound by storm.

(WEST-WIND *lifts his arm and makes an imperative gesture, describing a circle. The wind rises and blows with great velocity round the vault.* WEST-WIND *goes within, and, almost distraught, bows over the body. The wind abates.*)

O love sublime, unequal strife,
Ineffable the joy now lost,
My sun is set, and hopes decline,
Long years my grief will not console!
Your glorious youth was all my life,

And made a carnal love divine,
Whose heavenly ecstasies have cost
The light of my immortal soul !

(He rises and is silent for a while.)

But our love-child lives !

(He is suddenly thrilled by a superb idea.)

Our son,
Wenonah, if he live, will be
Of all men most exalted, one
Supreme in wisdom. I decree
And vow, that if from me be won
The Sacred Wampum Belt, that he
Victorious will be. Then rise,
My son, to lead the glorious race—
Your name I now immortalise !
Hiawatha !

(Enter NOKOMIS. WEST-WIND comes from the vault. NOKOMIS turns and sees WEST-WIND go to the great rock and roll it into the aperture. NOKOMIS makes an appealing gesture.)

WEST-WIND.

Guard her, my wind,
And sunlit torch burn brightly till
Her soul the sweet Hereafter find :
Her dear and gentle name shall thrill
All hearts and minds !

(NOKOMIS approaches the path which leads to the vault.)

NOKOMIS.

This well-loved place,
Where first you met my gentle maid
And stole her sweet young love, should
be,
By you, O ruthless god, abhorred :
Wenonah, dearly have you paid
For West-Wind's lust.

WEST-WIND.

The loss is gain
To all the tribes, and I foresee
The future need ; you must accord
Me noble aims. Her life and pain
She gave to me, you have her child—

NOKOMIS.

Wenonah's child—your death-born son !

WEST-WIND. Her precious gift, my only hope.

NOKOMIS. Oh, hope not, West-Wind, in the one
Who cost Wenonah's life ; exiled
He is from love. The Great Bear
ceased
To gleam the hour he came. The East
At midnight was ablaze. The cope
Of mountains flamed—

WEST-WIND. O magic's slave,
Your waning powers no aid can save.
Nocturnal dreams and lunar signs
Betoken nought ; the stars shine not
For you. Ah ! West-Wind's love begot
The future ruler of the race,
And nature from this hour assigns
To him the wisdom, strength and grace
To lead the tribes, and teach them
peace !

NOKOMIS. Take heed, proud god, the present hour
Calls you to act, and now release
The Wampum Belt !

WEST-WIND. To give you power

To overcome Pearl-Feather?— Cease!
 Pearl-Feather's spell is cast o'er you—
 Your necromantic power is past—
 His baneful magic must subdue
 The might you have misused; and
 fast
 He turns to evil all he gained
 By theft from you!

NOKOMIS. Yet, I abstained
 From using ill the magic art
 My father brought to earth.

WEST-WIND. Your aim
 Was self! No noble purpose came
 From you! No good did you impart!
 NOKOMIS. When from my home of silver light,
 Long years ago, on such a night
 As this, I fell to earth, sad land,
 Then, Atotarho's bloody brand,
 To please the god's most ill-decrees,
 Smote tribe and all its flame could
 seize.
 At length, a mighty chief I found,

To end dread Atotarho's reign
Of needless war. Him I endowed
With magic power and peerless grace,
That he might conquer and confound
The god of war. And not in vain.
He vanquished all! 'Twas then I
vowed
That he should lead the mighty race!

WEST-WIND. Vain victory was all you won,
The conquest then was but begun,
And that you lost—

NOKOMIS. Befriend me now,
And, West-Wind, aid me keep my vow;
Let Manabozo be your choice,
In such a chief you should rejoice!

WEST-WIND. No, he was but the instrument
You used to gain the Wampum Belt!
This warrior to the Winds you sent
To learn his father's name!

NOKOMIS. I dealt
In pity with him! Claim your son.

WEST-WIND. No son of mine yields to your sway.

MANABOZO

My sons the Winds of heaven won
 From me on that successful day
 When I the Great Bear slew ; your
 plea
 Can not beguile my purpose.

NOKOMIS.

Be

Kind ! Atotarho fierce he slew,
 And brought us peace !

WEST-WIND.

In vain you sue.

Far through the future's veil I see
 The child of love call every tribe—
 The mighty nations—to agree,
 And on the leaves of time inscribe
 Their names in love and unity !

NOKOMIS.

O visionary god, beware !

That future must begin from now ;
 To waste long years ere you prepare
 The youth, the man, and him endow
 With wisdom, will be spurning Time
 And tempting Death. The gift sublime
 Bestow ! To Manabozo trust
 The Sacred Wampum and be just.

MANABOZO

WEST-WIND. I will not yield the Wampum Belt
To Manabozo, nor to you—
Your prayers, petitions, will not melt
My fixed resolve. This must he do
Who would the Sacred Wampum find
And win: cross mountain, plain, and
stream,
To that wide portal where the sun
In livid splendour doth redeem
The evening star; there, is enshrined
The wealth of happiness, which none
Can see nor hold until I yield
To him who conquer me by wit
And wisdom, not by magic. Shield
The Great Belt I shall henceforth.
Sit
And wait where each great sunset
brings
My son a whole day nearer to
The wealth and joy of life—blessings
For his people and all tribes!

MANABOZO

You will, O West-Wind, this resolve
The tribes in strife you will involve !

WEST-WIND. The present good and peace—

NOKOMIS. Depend

On Manabozo, him befriend !
The fame of Manabozo spread
To far Dacotah, who has sent
A noble princess here to wed
Our mighty hero, and unite
The two great tribes.

WEST-WIND. That you are bent
On gaining power through him is clear,
Still I must aid your proselyte,
His life I save but once. I fear
That debt must soon be paid, for near
The chief is death !

NOKOMIS. West-Wind, not now,
For Manabozo loves—

WEST-WIND. An elf !

NOKOMIS. An elf ?

WEST-WIND. The gifts you did endow
Him with, he wickedly employs

To serve his passions. Slave of self
And carnal love he is ; false joys
Corrupt his mind. For wantonness
He leaves his task half done. Distress
And woe he brings. Your plans are
vain !

He dares for Miskodeed profane
The magic power you gave. This way
His leman comes. Their trysting-place
This lone glade is.

(Enter MISKODEED.)

See, Miskodeed

Is here.

NOKOMIS.

Perfidious fay !

(MISKODEED is startled and shrinks from NOKOMIS,
who quivers with rage and indignation.)

WEST-WIND.

Stay !

Rage not, Nokomis, and take heed
Your anger cannot now efface
Their past.

MISKODEED. Does West-Wind intercede
For me and Manabozo ?

WEST-WIND. Yea !

NOKOMIS. Oh, wretched one !

MISKODEED. Was I to blame ?
The magic power of conquering
You gave to him.

NOKOMIS. Oh, bitter shame
And misery on me to bring.
By you now all my plans are wrecked,
By you, my confidant in all
But this dear plan. What wantonness
Could tempt you from my love to fall ?

MISKODEED. I yearned for mortal happiness !

NOKOMIS. But why did you the chief select ?

MISKODEED. When Spring was young, and life anew
In every tree and brook was felt,
When Winter early bade adieu,
And quickly left the snow to melt
From banks and nooks, I, sound asleep
Upon my mossy couch was found—
The Southern Wind, to take a peep,

Blew off the leaves the snow had
bound

Me in. Unconscious of my state
I slept, till mortal passion sealed,
By one ecstatic kiss, my fate,
And thrilled me till my senses reeled !
Then upon me rained caresses,
Ardent passion's grand excesses
Unrestrained, till I relinquished
Every effort to resist him—
By a magic power he vanquished
Me, nor ceased until I kissed him !

NOKOMIS. O lustful, vile, unfaithful fay !

WEST-WIND. Reproach her not. Your rage dismiss.

NOKOMIS. You, Manabozo did betray,
And you forgave him with a kiss ?

MISKODEED. Yea, a thousand—

NOKOMIS. Wretch !

MISKODEED. I loved him.

NOKOMIS. Loved him ?

MISKODEED. Yea !

NOKOMIS. And you love him still ?

MISKODEED. In truth, my loving is no whim,
To think of him I burn and thrill !

NOKOMIS. But I have chosen him a wife,
And I command.

MISKODEED. But I protest !

NOKOMIS. He is my slave !

MISKODEED. He is my life,
And loves but me, and me possessed !

NOKOMIS. Arrest your fault, the chief renounce !

MISKODEED. Abandon all I hope and crave,
The blisses tongue cannot pronounce,
The seeing of the sun, and waive
My right and love ?

NOKOMIS. Gods and mortals
See the sun, not you, a fay.

WEST-WIND. True,
Nokomis—

MISKODEED. The eastern portals
Will soon be gleaming ; pearly dew
Reflect the beams of golden morn,
Then I, a mortal, shall rejoice
For love and life. O sun, adorn

Me, I am Manabozo's choice !
NOKOMIS. Death-dealing prove, O sun. Your
meed
Be death !

(MISKODEED is startled. A pause.)

MISKODEED. Manabozo draws near !
WEST-WIND. Nokomis, go !

(Exit NOKOMIS. MISKODEED goes towards the stream.)

Stay, Miskodeed !
MISKODEED. O West-Wind, mortal woe I fear,
Strange perils muster and conspire ;
And Manabozo is oppressed
By dangers hid and manifest,
Now I to mortal joys aspire.
WEST-WIND. Of Manabozo, fay, beware ;
This love will bring you pain and woe.
Renounce the chief.

MISKODEED. Not now.

WEST-WIND. Then share
His fate.

MISKODEED. His fate be mine.

WEST-WIND. Go, go !
I cannot aid you, Miskodeed.

MISKODEED. O holder of the Wampum, heed,
You have the power to give relief.

WEST-WIND. All mortals have their share of
grief.
Immortals yearn for mortal love,
And mortals crave immortal life.
The carnal threshold you have crossed,
Now pain and grief will surely prove
The penalty. Death is the cost !
Wenonah was my mortal wife,
Remember her, and all I lost—
The Sacred Wampum could not save
Her precious life. For mortal hands
The sum of human happiness
I keep and guard. The boon you
crave
I cannot grant, for I possess

No power where death each life demands.

(WEST-WIND ascends the path. Enter MANABOZO.
He crosses stream and gains the foreground.)

MANABOZO. Ah, Miskodeed !

MISKODEED. My chief, my all !

MANABOZO. What, tears of grief ?

MISKODEED. Love, all our past
Is known ; Nokomis orders me
Forsake you.

MANABOZO. What ?

MISKODEED. Were you her thrall ?

MANABOZO. No, no, our mighty love has passed
The danger of her magic zeal—
My soul is fretful to be free,
The glorious liberty I feel
Is nigh.

WEST-WIND. Beware, proud chief.

MANABOZO. At last !
West-Wind comes to aid me !

MISKODEED. No, no.

MANABOZO. My drooping spirits now revive.

WEST-WIND. The cause of your distress I know.

MANABOZO. Nokomis is my foe.

(Enter NEMISSA. *She hides in the shadows.*)

WEST-WIND. Then strive
To break the necromantic chain
That binds you to her might and main,
And wed Dacotah's princess, or
Prepare for years of bloody war—
If death pass by.

MANABOZO. Of conquering
I want no more. New tributes bring
To me strange cares and weariness,
For I have all I would possess !

WEST-WIND. A princess I have rarely seen,
Of beauty, wit, and noble mien,
Such as Dacotah asks you wed.

(NEMISSA moves.)

MANABOZO. She came unsought.

WEST-WIND. Make her your queen,
If you would live.

MANABOZO. I do not dread
Dacotah's wrath. I fear no tribe.

WEST-WIND. Unyielding chief—

MANABOZO. She is a bribe.

WEST-WIND. You were enthralled when first she
came.

MANABOZO. Then discontent consumed my heart,
A something new my eyes beheld,
And fancy kindled that faint flame
Which died for want of passion's food.
She wearied me, and so dispelled
Infatuation. Then apart
From her I wandered, but elude
Her haunting form I could not. No,
She tracks me everywhere I go.

(NEMISSA *for a moment steps into the light.*)

WEST-WIND. But, know that you are doubly bound,
Great chief, in this, to interlace
Two aims, both needful to the race,

Lest war again the powers confound.

MANABOZO. The god of war I overcame,

Must I now be a slave of fame ?

WEST-WIND. O obdurate, proud chieftain, doomed

To be a slave of passion, more,

Your soul in bondage is entombed,

And now the morrow I deplore !

MISKODEED. The morrow ?

WEST-WIND. Yes ! The tribes array

Themselves for war ?

MANABOZO. For war ?

WEST-WIND. Beware !

My debt to you I must soon pay.

MISKODEED. The debt I fear.

WEST-WIND. Your life I spare

But once, and then, no further power

Have I to shield you. Valiant one,

Prepare for that momentous hour,

When burns the east and mounts the

sun,

Then, Life or Death your choice will

be !

MANABOZO. Love's life be my eternity!

(MANABOZO takes MISKODEED in his arms and kisses her. WEST-WIND disappears. NEMISSA moves from the background towards MANABOZO.)

MANABOZO. Hark!

MISKODEED. What now?

MANABOZO. Treachery!

MISKODEED. I fear
For you.

MANABOZO. There is no danger near
Nor far that can befall us now!

(NEMISSA in a desperate rage runs forward.
MANABOZA turns and confronts her.)

What, you, Nemissa? You allow
Your jealous spite to make you spy—

NEMISSA. Infamous coward—

MANABOZO. You outvie
The braves who brought you here, for
they
Are not so expert finding prey—

NEMISSA. Yes, prey. Henceforth, you and your tribe

Shall be Dacotah's prey ; though I
Must suffer every mock and gibe,
The spurned of Manabozo, I,
The western princess, who to wed
A chief went forth, unloved, unsought,
Then husbandless in anger fled—
My vengeance shall be dearly bought.
Think you that I shall meekly go ?
No, Manabozo, coward, slave
Of passion, lust and war. How low
Your love descends ! You did deprave
Me by the empty vows you spoke,
And yet your conscience smote you
well,
For I see there why you revoke
Your vows.

MANABOZO. Cease ! cease, Nemissa, quell
Your rage. Before you came to sue
I gave my love to Miskodeed.

NEMISSA. The worse your lie to me. I grew

To love you, for you did succeed
In masking every word and glance—
The false was regal that I grant—
But now revealed by circumstance,
I find you knave and sycophant !

(*MANABOZO, stung to the quick, plucks his knife from his belt and raises it to strike NEMISSA, when MISKODEED springs up before him. He checks the blow in time. MANABOZO, for an instant dismayed, turns, hardly able to restrain his fury, and darts at NEMISSA. A piteous moan from MISKODEED, whom he has thrust aside, dispels his wild purpose. NEMISSA stands immovable. Their eyes meet for a moment. Impetuously he turns from her and throws away the knife. Enter NOKOMIS. MANABOZO sees her; an exclamation of terrible portent escapes him.*)

MANABOZO. Nokomis ! Ha ! You did decree,
That I should bring about a reign
Of peace, and then henceforth be free ;
That after Atotarho slain,

No war should I provoke, yet, now
 I must wed for peace—

NEMISSA. And his vow
 He gave.

NOKOMIS. Then keep it to maintain—

MISKODEED. Wed Nemissa—

MANABOZO. No ! I disdain
 Your power !

NOKOMIS. Retract !

MANABOZO. I am no slave,
 Your necromantic sway I spurn !

NOKOMIS. Think you, that you can so outbrave
 My will, and all my plans o'erturn ?
 What, stripped of all the powers I gave,
 Could Manabozo stem the tide
 Of war ?

MANABOZO. Yea !

NOKOMIS. Vanquished and alone—

NEMISSA. Dacotah would your lands divide !

MANABOZO. My tribe and I be overthrown ?
 Not by Dacotah.

NEMISSA. What ?

NOKOMIS.

Decide !

MANABOZO. Take back, Nokomis, all your gifts,
Blest be the hand the burden lifts
And breaks the yoke, servility !
Too long in bondage I have dwelt,
This night of anguish I have felt
The impotence and misery
Of thraldom !

NOKOMIS.

Rash chief, beware !

MANABOZO. Return, and tell your braves I come.
I wed my choice !

NEMISSA.

His choice lies there !

MANABOZO. My Miskodeed !

NOKOMIS.

Now cumbersome

Your bride shall be. Death follows
strife—
Such strife as this. From now your
life

Unto your enemies I yield,
For I withdraw the magic power—
That most invulnerable shield,
That did protect you every hour—

And all my necromantic gifts.

Blest be the hand the burden lifts !

MANABOZO. Nemissa, go ! My spirit freed,
Soars, like an eagle far above
Confinement. Come, my Miskodeed
My soul is fired for War and Love !

(MISKODEED swoons. MANABOZO catches her in his arms. NEMISSA picks up the knife MANABOZO dropped, and hurries across the stream to the plain. NOKOMIS ascends the path to the vault.)

Curtain.

ACT II

THE SCENE.—*A half-demolished, roofless hall of severe architectural grandeur. The semblance of a huge portal, right. A rude throne, centre. Large pieces of broken masonry scattered about the sides; broken walls and a narrow gap in the wall, left.*

Weeds, patches of grass, creeping plants and cactuses in profusion on walls and ground. Great quantities of hanging moss on the branches of trees overstretching the walls.

An Objibway brave stands on guard at a fire which burns low near the portal.

Seven Dacotah braves are asleep on skins.

OTISCO is sitting on a piece of masonry, left. NAN-PASHENE, startled in his dream, suddenly springs to his feet, frightened and bewildered.

*The Objibway brave walks away and disappears.
A solemn silence reigns.*

NANPASHENE. I dare not sleep. Such frightful
dreams
Are not to be endured. How still
The listening night! All nature
seems,
In breathless dread and fearsome
chill,
To wait an awful shock.

OTISCO. The night
I never feared ere this.

NANPASHENE. Yet, sound
Our brave companions sleep, and light
Must be their dreams; this blood-
stained ground
Their resting-place. 'Twas here
Pauguk,
That phantom-hunter, Death, did
roam;

Where'er his fiery eyeballs struck,
Life fled dismayed and left its home.

(*With a gesture of impatience, tries to dispel his lugubrious mood.*)

Look on this half-demolished place—
The remnant grandeur of some king,
Whose subjects, this fair land to grace,
Learned other arts than war—a thing
Of peace and greatness; the head-
stone
Of lost arts and nations.

OTISCO.

'Twas told

By Iagoo, nights past, alone
To me, how nations did uphold
Such arts and beautify the land,
And, far beyond the southern strand,
Great villages of this abound.

'Twas Atotarho did confound
The great, and desolate this ground.

NANPASHENE. Then, Manabozo must be paid

Great praise and honour. To our tribe
United he must be.

OISCO.

No aid

In war, or lustre to our fame
We need. Why court the sneer, the
gibe,
By wedding glory and his name?

NANPASHENE. This era now to art we lease,

The implements of war shall rust;
Alliance is the power of peace,
Our future to this union trust—
Manabozo and our princess
Shall be wed.

OISCO.

Such he would evade—
In patience hear me, not upbraid—
I find in him no willingness,
Of heart or mind, to wed, when we
Refer to our great mission.

NANPASHENE.

How?

OISCO.

Far from Nemissa he would flee,
In thought and person.

NANPASHENE.

What?

OTISCO.

And now,

Dear prince, the matter we discuss,
How long must we await his word ?
Delays make me incredulous,
And our weak patience is absurd !

NANPASHENE. Go, rouse Nemissa ; bid her come
At once to me. If this should be,
We all deserve opprobrium !

(*Exit OTISCO. NANPASHENE goes to his sleeping braves and wakes them. Re-enter OTISCO, alarmed and bewildered.*)

OTISCO. My startled eyes have searched in vain,
Her tent is vacant. Prince, refrain !

NANPASHENE. What treachery is this ?

(*He goes to the portal. The braves make a movement to follow him.*)

Remain ! (*Exit.*)

OTISCO. I warned Nanpashene, but, alas !

Nemissa is not in her tent.
 Strange perils may now come to pass,
 Which we must strive to circumvent.
 That Manabozo will not wed
 Is plain ; and his decision halts
 At utterance ; although misled,
 Beware the anger that o'ervaults
 Judicious conduct.

(Re-enter NANPASHENE.)

NANPASHENE.	Otisco,
	What does this mean ? Have they
	entrapped,
	Perhaps abducted her ?
OTISCO.	If so,
	Dear prince, fear not. In safety
	wrapped
	Your sister is. Her station shields
	Her from all harm.
NANPASHENE.	Conjecture yields
	New ills.

(The braves, becoming desperate, make threatening movements.)

OTISCO. Forbear ! One reckless deed
 May jeopardise our lives. Perhaps
 We are their prisoners ; take heed,
 We are powerless !

NANPASHENE. Wisdom entraps
 Our spirit.

OTISCO. Cowards we must be,
 If our dear princess we would save ;
 And why provoke hostility ?
 We have no proof, although most grave
 And ominous our plight.

(Enter NEMISSA through gap in wall.)

NANPASHENE. Oh, joy,
 Nemissa ! Where did you stray ?

(NEMISSA, almost breathless, falls on her brother's breast.)

NEMISSA. Far

Across the plain.

NANPASHENE. Did they decoy

You there?

NEMISSA. No!

NANPASHENE. Nemissa, why are

You distressed?

NEMISSA. Oh, credulous fools!

Without your aid, suspicion I

Have verified. Otisco rules

Where wisdom is debarred. To spy

On Manabozo, and to track

Him to yon glade, alone, must I,

While you debate, and wait and

rack

His mind for light.

NANPASHENE. Explain!

NEMISSA. A lie

Has Manabozo told, disdained

Am I.

NANPASHENE. Disdained?

NEMISSA. Yea, and spurned!

NANPASHENE.

Now

Most explicit be. Have you deigned—

NEMISSA.

Deigned? The truth was mine to find!

NANPASHENE.

How?

NEMISSA.

Day after day you lingered here,

Irresolute, while purpose lost

The cause became, and insincere

This chief. He lied!

NANPASHENE.

At what a cost?

NEMISSA.

He shunned me as a hated thing.

NANPASHENE. I saw it not.

NEMISSA.

Here were the sting

And wound. They festered night and
day.

The pain of shame.

NANPASHENE.

Death shall allay—

NEMISSA.

Night after night I saw him wend—

Across the plain to yonder wood—

His trysting-place.

OTISCO.

That might portend—

NANPASHENE. A rival!

NEMISSA.

No!

OTISCO.

Then what?

NEMISSA.

I could

No, bear the torture of suspense;
I tracked him to the forest dense,
And there, within a moonlit glade,
I saw him greet his leman; kiss
Her, make her vows he swore in bliss
To me. I stood abashed, dismayed!
And then a voice, that thrilled the
night,
Filled me with awe; words to chastise
The chief, from West-Wind fell, and
wise
Were his demands.

NANPASHENE.

West-Wind!

OTISCO.

How knew

You West-Wind's voice?

NANPASHENE.

Nemissa, fright

Not us by West-Wind's name. If you
Have heard the god speak to the chief,
Relinquish your just claim, and fly
From ills that brew.

NEMISSA.

An aspen-leaf
Shakes not as you now do, and why?
Are you unmanned by West-Wind's
name?
Hear now, faint-heart, what should
inflame
That courage fame could not veneer,
Nor legendry lore exceed:
Great West-Wind bade the chieftain
wed

Me—

NANPASHENE.

Wed you?

NEMISSA.

Yes, and most austere
Was his rebuke, though kind indeed
Were West-Wind's words for me.

OTISCO.

Misled,

O princess, you have been, I know—

NEMISSA.

No wisdom choked by fear of woe
Can now soothe me. The chief reviled
Me to the god. He called me bribe,
And said at first I reconciled
His moodiness. Then diatribe

He piled on ignominious
 Fact. I wearied him. Oh, fool ! fool !
 I thought he loved me.

(*A pause. Angered by their indecision.*)

Am I thus
 To be contemned ?

(*They are mute and irresolute. NANPASHENE avoids her glances.*)

What, do I pule,
 That you heed not ? Cowards !

(*They start and shrink from her.*)

Yes, wince.
 I thought you stones. O heaven, a
 name
 Can terrorise strong men, and make
 The brother of a princess quake.
 Dacotah's braves ? Dacotah's shame !

(She bursts into tears. NANPASHENE tries to console her. The braves, completely crestfallen, hold aloof.)

He knows not fear. The stubborn
chief

The god's wish scorned.

OTISCO. 'Tis my belief
That we should not provoke the powers,
Nor add our wrongs to theirs, lest they
Dread vengeance send.

NANPASHENE. My spirit cowers—

NEMISSA. Then I, alone, the debt shall pay !
No god can chill my blood, nor stay
My hand, for Manabozo vain,
Has cast away the magic chain
Nokomis gave, and all her gifts ;
And now he vulnerable drifts,
Most mortal.

NANPASHENE. What ?

NEMISSA. He loves a fay,
And spurns Nokomis. I surprised
Him with his leman in his arms—

He bows beneath this fairy's sway ;
And this is why I am despised,
Rejected for a wood-elf's charms—
On seeing this I felt my blood
Leap like a sun-shaft. To his side
I flew and taxed him ere he could
Dissemble. Soon Nokomis came
To him ; then, like a bursting flame,
The chief the queen of night defied ;
And she recalled the power she gave.

NANPASHENE. This quarrel is the god's, not ours.

NEMISSA. 'Tis mine, and thine, Dacotah's wrong ;

And Manabozo comes to flout
Us with his leman. My brother
cowers

Before a mortal ? See, this long
Weapon has a sheath, though about
My breast it flashed in his strong
hand—

NANPASHENE. Give me the blade.

NEMISSA.

You are unmanned !

NANPASHENE. Come, let us intercept this chief,

Lest he should rouse his braves, for
then
Outnumbered we should be.

NEMISSA.

My grief
Is gone, now I behold you men.

(*NANPASHENE goes to the portal. NEMISSA beckons him and the others to follow her through the gap. Exeunt NEMISSA, OTISCO and the braves. NANPASHENE listens, then follows the others. The Objibway brave returns to the fire near the portal. He listens. Quickly, but noiselessly, he goes to the gap; for a moment peers off, then follows the Dacotahs. Through the portal enter MANABOZO and MISKODEED. She is faint; he tenderly supports her. MANABOZO is surprised to find the hall deserted by the Dacotahs.*)

MANABOZO. Nanpashene ! Nanpashene ! What,
gone ?

(*Re-enter the Objibway brave.*)

The Dacotahs ?

OBJIBWAY.

Far out upon
The plain, they go towards the wood.

MANABOZO.

And Nemissa, too ?

OBJIBWAY.

Yes ! Why should
They so leave us ?

MANABOZO.

I trust them not.

Nemissa for revenge is hot,
And they to trap me take that track.
Go, follow, watch, and hasten back,
If they suspicious movement make ;
Should they return, our tribe awake !

(The Objibway brave hastens through gap. MANABOZO looks with great tenderness on MISKODEED and passionately kisses her.)

MANABOZO. This is our hall, beloved one !
Here we shall pass the golden hours,
Here you will live beneath the sun,
Invisible in fairy bowers,
For you a mortal I have made,
My Miskodeed !

MISKODEED.

By magic's aid ;

Kind necromantic gift now lost.

I cannot shield you from your
foes—

Oh ! wretched me at such a cost

To win. The cost your life. Who
knows ?

MANABOZO. The Sacred Wampum I must gain
From West-Wind.

MISKODEED. That is for his son !

MANABOZO. The cursed Wampum caused the strife,
And great Nokomis, all in vain,
Strove to possess it. Great the one
Who proves himself its heir, for life
And joy be his when it is won !

MANABOZO. I lived and conquered ere your queen
Invested me with magic power.
To learn my birthright, I, in spleen,
Did yield to her one midnight hour :
“ The Incarnation of the North,”
Nokomis said “ you are. Go forth,
And gain the Sacred Wampum Belt,

Then I will tell your father's name.

Her necromantic power I felt,

And to the Winds I went for fame.

MISKODEED. A son of West-Wind you must be,
And great Nokomis this must know.
To gain the Wampum, why should she
Choose you, and order you to go,
If you were not his son ? West-Wind
Is her foe, and therefore spurned you.
Oh, cruel queen ! Oh, sire unkind !
To yield you now your foes pursue
To take your life, my joy, my all.
MANABOZO. Be brave, my love, I shall not fall.
Come, soon the glorious sun will rise,
The sun you yearn to see and feel ;
These tears of grief from your dear
eyes

I kiss away, for they conceal
The light of love that fills my soul,
And gives the night an aureole.

MISKODEED. The essence of your life I feel !

MANABOZO. My Miskodeed, now you are free.

MISKODEED. Oh ! mortal joy !

MANABOZO. Love must reveal
Itself ; that love is agony
Which burns but not consumes—

MISKODEED. My king,
Far I have strayed from elfin joys
Since you possessed my soul. I cling
To you. My thought no past employs ;
All memories I now dismiss.
Love knows no law ; and I am lost
For ever on a sea of bliss,
Though oft by passion tempest-tossed !

MANABOZO. The passion you awake dispels
My grief, and I forget all woe.

MISKODEED. Your sighs and words are love's sweet
 spells ;
And does the sun more brightly glow
Than your dear face ?

MANABOZO. The great sun fills
The universe with golden light,
The precious light of life !

MISKODEED. And thrills

All things as you do me ? Oh, sight
Supreme ! to see the day. Rapture
Then to cleave to you, love. See you
Bathed in its effulgence. Capture
I shall every impulse, then woe
Blisses o'er again, lose and win
Them for the loving ; then the night
Pass as a cloud. O day, begin !
O sun, arise for my delight !

(Re-enter the Objibway brave.)

OBJIBWAY. They come !

MANABOZO. Awake the council. Say
That I have chosen and shall wed.
Here, in this hall, ere dawns the day,
I wish the rites performed.

(The brave hastens through the portal. MISKODEED wrings her hands in piteous despair.)

MISKODEED. I dread
This resolve. I fear for your life.

MANABOZO. My life is yours.

MISKODEED. Oh ! take for wife
Nemissa.

MANABOZO. No ! I wed my choice !

MISKODEED. My stricken heart can not rejoice.
They come to kill you. Yes, I feel
The night grow cold and throb with
fear,
As my poor heart—

*(She runs to the gap, and listens. A pause. Then
in horror she rushes to him.)*

They come !

*(She strives to urge him off. He looks upon her
with great pity, and holds her to his breast.)*

Conceal
Yourself. Oh ! hide your life—I hear
Them now. They come ! The awful
chant
Of death is singing in my ears.

My soul for you is vigilant
And startled. Come, oh ! come, these
fears
Allay, or I shall die.

MANABOZO.

Be brave,

My soul. My forest flower, that I
Should cause you pain is worse than
death
To me. O Miskodeed, I crave
A life of love with you. Though by
The gods forsaken, till my breath
Be gone, adamant I stand.

MISKODEED.

Hark !

(A long pause. Indistinct murmurs are heard. Strange and baleful night sounds. The sky is overcast with clouds. The wind rises, and increases until a cyclone rages. Falling trees, the cracking of branches, the howl of the gale, make terrible din and create great tumult. A raven is blown through the portal and falls dead at MISKODEED's feet. MANABOZO quickly snatches her from the path of the storm, and shelters her under the walls.)

MANABOZO. Great is the anger of West-Wind.

MISKODEED. Why does he rage? In mercy kind,
To beat Nemissa and her braves
From you? Perhaps your life he
saves.

(The storm abates. The moon appears.)

MANABOZO. Perhaps the debt is paid.

MISKODEED. What debt?

MANABOZO. I know not. Still, I feel that I
Am drawing near the threshold
where
The sweet Hereafter lies, for nigh
Impatient Death awaits.

MISKODEED. Forget
The words of West-Wind, love—

MANABOZO. They were
Portentous words!

MISKODEED. I cannot solve
Their import.

MANABOZO. Life or Death!

(A pause. A cloud hides the moon. MISKODEED shudders.)

Nor I.

Still, some great trials, I resolve,
 Await we at the dawn; to die
 I may be doomed. When Death is
 nigh,
 Close you my eyes with one long kiss,
 And seal my lips when my last breath
 Breathes your dear name—the last of
 bliss
 Be mine. O Life, I fear not Death!

(A pause. The sound of voices is heard. Strange murmurings and the dull, heavy noise of the council approaching.)

MISKODEED.	They come!
MANABOZO.	The council comes to bind Our lives. Fear not, 'tis well!
MISKODEED.	Nay, hark! 'Tis death!

MANABOZO.

Be brave, my soul.

MISKODEED.

How dark

The future is to me, yet blind
My eyes may be. You are my life,
But happiness I cannot bring
To you. For me all you have lost ;
And though you take me for your wife,
I cannot from my sad heart wring
The fear your life may be the cost.

(Enter IAGO, the Objibway "council, braves, and six women of the tribe. MANABOZO signals to the brave who watched the DACOTAHS to go to the gap. MISKODEED is now seated on a broken piece of masonry. MANABOZO stands beside her and addresses the council.)

MANABOZO. My council, you must now decide
On who shall be your chieftain's wife.
The Western princess for my bride
You have advised me take, else strife
Again should reign. A mighty tribe
Dacotah is, a nation great

In war. Am I, then, braves, the bribe
You pay for peace?

(*Astonishment, then murmurs.*)

My brothers, wait
And hear me out. These words my
last
To you may be.

(*MISKODEED shudders. The council becomes grave and attentive.*)

Distinct remain,
O mighty tribe, as in the past !
From union there is naught to gain ;
For what have they that we require ?
Do they excel our tribe in aught ?
Their maids and lore can not inspire
Our braves to greater deeds than ours !
What by this treaty have you sought
To gain ? In everything our powers
Superior are ! Conquerors we

Are ! Dacotah would steal our fame,
Then share with us each victory,
And gain from the might of our name !

(All raise their weapons high and shout.)

IAGOO. It is the truth ! Yes ! wise and just,
O chief, are these encomiums !
In your discernment we will trust !
Come, name your choice.

BRAVE. Nemissa comes !

(The council is instantly thrown into animated debate. MANABOZO takes MISKODEED to the women of his tribe. Then he signals the brave to leave the gap. MANABOZO stands apart. NEMISSA, NANPASHENE, OTISCO, and the Dacotah braves enter. NANPASHENE and OTISCO are apprehensive ; they closely watch NEMISSA.)

OTISCO. Most urgent must the business be
That cannot wait till morn !

NANPASHENE.

What here

Are you assembled to decree?

LAGOO. Our guests you are. Why should you
fear
This council?**NANPASHENE.**

Fear?

LAGOO. Why did you flee
From sleep, and thankless disappear?**NEMISSA.** To track your chief and learn the cause
Of his contempt—I—I awoke
Suspicion in their breasts—**LAGOO.** The laws
Of hospitality you broke—**OTISCO.** Nay, Manabozo tricked us all!**NANPASHENE.** Nemissa he agreed to wed!**LAGOO.** But Manabozo did not call
Her here. How, then, were you mis-
led?**OTISCO.** The honour from Dacotah came—**LAGOO.** To barter peace, and share his fame?
Our chief has but himself to please;
We bind him not. In all things free

He is. Reproach him not. No pleas
We make.

NEMISSA. False were his vows to me !

False to Nokomis ! False to you !

LAGOO. Nokomis ?—

NEMISSA. Held your chief in thrall—
A bondage you shall quickly rue.
Unfettered now a chief install,
And Manabozo shun.

*(Great consternation. NANPASHENE and OTISCO
strive to silence NEMISSA.)*

Forbear !

The shameful truth now hear. Your
chief
Was but a slave. His conquests were
By magic gained, and like a thief
He stole the fame and power you share
With him—

LAGOO. Nanpashene !

MANABOZO. Let her speak !

IAGOO. Deny it, chief—
NEMISSA. He dare not lie,
Nor make excuses vain and weak !
Nokomis was his great ally,
Until his leman won his love ;
And this the gods e'en now disprove.
The thunder-clouds of wrath above
You hang, which West-Wind soon will
move,
And hurl death and devastation
On your tribe. Shield him not ! Be-
ware !
Alone he goes ; desolation
Follows him. Let him not ensnare
Your hearts by magic words and
deeds,
The outcast of the gods is he !
IAGOO. Then rage, O gods ! my love exceeds
Their spite, and your base enmity !

*(All but IAGO seem to be astounded at her male-
diction.)*

End her railing ! Perform the rites.

Whom have you chosen ?

NEMISSA.

Slight of slights,

A forest elf, a timid fay,

Who never saw the light of day,

Whom Manabozo mortal made,

Now banished by Nokomis. There

Sits his cringing leman ; the jade

Your chief would wed. The outrage

bear

Vain tribe. Fit consort for your chief

She is. The outcast of the gods

And stigmatised by them !

(She plucks the knife from her girdle.)

Relief

I give !

(She rushes at MANABOZO. MISKODEED swiftly runs towards him and crosses NEMISSA as she lifts the weapon. NEMISSA suddenly turns to MISKODEED and stabs her.)

Strumpet ! No scourging rods
For you, but Manabozo's blade !

(MISKODEED falls. NEMISSA drops the knife. All are horrified and astounded. NANPASHENE drags aside NEMISSA. MANABOZO, dazed and distraught, goes to the prostrate MISKODEED. The Objibways recover their senses.)

LAGOO. The stake—

(The Objibways start to rush on the Dacotahs.)

MANABOZO. Hold ! Hold ! O Miskodeed,
My forest flower, and must you fade ?
O Miskodeed, that you should bleed
For me, and die. Now Death I
choose.
West-Wind, what happiness can Life,
Or the Wampum now bring me ?
Strife
And Death, O West-Wind, let me lose
Her not.

(*MANABOZO sees the knife. He takes it up. His grief turns to rage. Several Objibways rush off. NANPASHENE, NEMISSA and OTISCO, and the Dacotah braves breathlessly await some action from the menacing Objibways. MANABOZO rises, holds up the knife, and savagely turns to NANPASHENE.*)

Nanpashene, take
Your sister, and the East forsake,
Else hospitality shall not
Deter revenge. This damned blot
Shall never be effaced. The blood
Nemissa shed shall be a spring
To swell the tide of war and flood
From East to West this land, and bring
About incessant strife, until
Dacotah scattered be dismayed.

(*Many Objibway braves come pouring through the portal. Great din, yells and shouts indicate the war dance. NEMISSA struggles to get free. NANPASHENE drags her aside.*)

Each Objibway for vengeance thrill,
And now the North-West land invade!

(**NANPASHENE** *clutches NEMISSA. She rages and fights to free herself. In desperation he uses force and drags her to the portal. Exeunt NANPASHENE and NEMISSA. OTISCO and the Dacotah braves rush after them. The din of the war dance is terrible. MANABOZO, completely overcome, sinks down beside the body of MISKODEED.*)

Curtain.

ACT III

The Scene is the same as Act I. The night is far advanced. The torch still burns. A soft blue light fills the glade.

(Two Dacotah braves in great haste enter. They stop and beckon to others without. Enter NANPASHENE with NEMISSA, whom he firmly holds. OTISCO and the other braves follow.)

OTISCO. Nanpashene, wait!

(All stop and listen. A pause.)

Hold! listen, braves!

(NEMISSA struggles. NANPASHENE secures her.)

Their war cries we have lost at last.

(*NANPASHENE forces NEMISSA across the stream.*)

NANPASHENE. Nemissa, rest !

NEMISSA. My vengeance craves
No rest, until the chief be fast
In death's embrace.

NANPASHENE. Enough you did
In slaying her.

NEMISSA. Oh, jealous wretch !
To catch the blow.

OTISCO. Hush ! You have rid
Him of his leman ; would you stretch
Him near her e'en in death ?

NANPASHENE. Your hands
Shall not be doubly stained. Come, on
Ere dawn o'er take us !

NEMISSA. Who commands
Me leave a task half done ? Upon
My hands her wanton blood I spilled.
Go ! I shall see the end.

NANPASHENE. You killed
All claim to justice when you shed
Her blood.

OTISCO. The deed incriminates
Us all. *She did no wrong.*

NEMISSA. She fed
My flame. The deed exonerates
You. Now leave me. I shall not share
With you what must be done. In shame
I will not go.

NANPASHENE. You shall !

NANPASHENE. His braves may
Not as lenient be.

OTISCO. Suppose they
Track us to this place.

NEMISSA. Well, relief
They can but give ; that I prefer
Than live in shame in our fair land.

Otisco. But Manabozo leads his band
Of warriors, at morn, to where

Dacotah waits to greet him son.
Now we should make all speed North-
West,
To prepare our tribe for war.

NANPASHENE. One
Chance you had !

OTISCO. That you lost !

NANPASHENE. Come, lest
The Objibways be in our van.

NEMISSA. Then have I stained my hands for
naught ?

NANPASHENE. No, Nemissa, your deed began
The spring, the nations make the
flood.

Come, you will have enough of blood
Ere long. 'Twas peace, not war, we
sought !

NEMISSA. And joy, not shame, I thought to take
To far Dacotah.

(She bursts into tears. NANPASHENE is deeply moved.)

NANPASHENE. For my sake,
And our father's, come !

(NEMISSA rises. *She dashes away her tears.*)

NEMISSA. Leave me here.

Return, and say I could not meet
The bravest chief—the most austere
Dacotah knew, and shame his age
And greatness. Tell him why. Entreat
No sympathy for me, and gauge
My deed to minimise the wrong
I suffered, that he may soon deem
Me far too base to mourn.

NANPASHENE. The thong
You use sinks to my heart. My dream
Of peace is gone. I yearned to give
Our nation joy, and teach the tribes
The noble arts the god of war
Destroyed. Return with me.

NEMISSA. And live?

NANPASHENE. Hope may come again.

NEMISSA.	Shame proscribes
Me.	Leave me here. The conqueror
	Of Atotarho lives.
NANPASHENE.	Then I
	Must not return.
NEMISSA.	What?
NANPASHENE.	Without you?
	Meet Dacotah sisterless? No!
OTISCO.	Prince!
NEMISSA.	Manabozo lives!
NANPASHENE.	Then die
	He must ere dawn.
OTISCO.	Think what you do
	If you delay—
NANPASHENE.	Enough! They go
	Not forth before the Sun-feast.
OTISCO.	But
	You, his foe, would never reach him.
	His frenzied warriors would glut
	Their savage rage ere you—Oh, grim
	Resolve!
NANPASHENE.	Cease; I go!

(NEMISSA suddenly realises her whereabouts.)

NEMISSA. Look ! This place.

It is the glade.

OTISCO. How strange we should
Take refuge here. Let us retrace
Our steps.

NANPASHENE. What light is that ?

(NEMISSA, highly overwrought, is intensely fascinated
by the torch.)

OTISCO. A sign,
Perhaps—

NANPASHENE. No grave is there.

NEMISSA. Now could
West-Wind have placed it there ?

OTISCO. No, no,
I fear it has some strange design.

NEMISSA (shrieks). The blood of Miskodeed aglow.

(NANPASHENE turns her from the glare of the torch.)

OTISCO. Extinguish it !

(A brave runs up the winding path. He clutches the torch; instantly a blinding flash of lightning strikes him dead. The Dacotahs are completely terrorised. The glade darkens as NOKOMIS enters. She comes slowly down the path to the tomb.)

NEMISSA. "Tis Nokomis!

OTISCO. Let us withdraw.
We trespass here.

(NANPASHENE and NEMISSA cross the stream. OTISCO and the braves follow.)

NEMISSA. Now wait;
And watch night's queen.

(They hide in the shadows. A soft blue light dispels the gloom in the foreground. The darkness deepens where the Dacotahs have hidden.)

NOKOMIS.

The silent hour

Is nigh. My heart is desolate ;
And all my necromantic power
Wanes with this dreadful night. I feel
All hope is gone ; the future holds
No joy in store ; the stars conceal
My fate ; and mystery enfolds
All I hold dear.

(She descends the path.)

My fays, appear !

(Instantly the glade is filled with fairies, who rise from banks, and come from nooks and interstices in the rocks.)

Hearken, remember and revere !
The comet, Ishkoodah, gave birth

To fierce Pearl-Feather ere to earth
My father came, to teach his own
The art of magic, then unknown.
To me alone, my father told
The necromantic secrets. To
Imbibe, Pearl-Feather then grew bold,
And soon my gentle father slew !
Thence he obtained the secrets, all
My father knew. Pearl-Feather cast
A baneful spell o'er me, then fast
My power began to wane and pall.
Great magic's charm to evil fell,
And necromancy aided sin !
The Wampum Belt alone could quell
Pearl-Feather's ill-designs ; but when
Great Manabozo failed to win
The Sacred Belt from West-Wind, then
I knew all effort would be vain—
And now—the end—of my long reign !

(*NOKOMIS is deeply moved. The winds begin to rise during the peroration. The fairies remain in mournful attitudes.*)

Farewell ! Farewell ! The morn is
nigh ;
And WEST-WIND comes. Exert your
powers
To noble ends at night and vie
With day. Farewell !

(*A pause. Thunder and lightning. A storm. The glade darkens.*)

Hence ! to your bowers.

(*The fairies instantly disappear. NOKOMIS comes down the path to the foreground. WEST-WIND suddenly appears on a bank above the stream. The wind, which has blown with force, now abates.*)

WEST-WIND. Stay, Nokomis !

NOKOMIS. What sorrow now
Must you inflict ?

(WEST-WIND crosses the stream.)

Well !

For taking aid from me, whose schemes
For good you thwarted.

WEST-WIND. Stay ! How so ?

NOKOMIS. When Atotarho fell, war ceased.

WEST-WIND. Now Manabozo breaks that peace.

NOKOMIS. Which you refused to aid him keep.
The Wampum you would not release,
So now the chief will westward sweep
To meet Dacotah.

WEST-WIND. I could not
Aid him. The Wampum was not mine
To give. Have you forgotten ?

NOKOMIS. No !
Nor shall I soon forget the woe
You have mercilessly wrought. What
Cruel purpose prompted you to
Thwart my plans ? Oh ! is this my due ?
Defeat and misery entwine
Their heavy arms about the form
My fair Wenonah loved so well.
What recompense can ease my heart ?
No future joy in it will dwell,

For I shall sink beneath this storm
Of grief.

WEST-WIND. From buried joys new hopes
Arise, and action heals the smart
Of sorrow's wounds. The future gleams
Beyond the vale of tears—

NOKOMIS. No, ropes
Of sand you spin, for bitter strife
Again will rage, and all my dreams
Of peace and happiness shall fade !

WEST-WIND. Nokomis !

NOKOMIS. I have passed my life,
And seek the depths of sorrow's shade.

WEST-WIND. Wait ! Hope is nigh when most we
grieve.

A noble mission is at hand.

NOKOMIS. What else ?

WEST-WIND (*exultantly, as if he would have the
heavens hear the name*).
Hiawatha !

(*The echoes sing the name back to him. Nokomis
is thrilled by the more than natural effect.*)

NOKOMIS. That name,
The hills repeat it.

WEST-WIND. All this land
Will echo it and sing its fame
For evermore. It stirs the flower
In lowest nook, and bends the trees
On highest peak. Sing it, sweet breeze.
Rejoice !

(The echoes again repeat it.)

WEST-WIND. The voice
Of nature calls from strand to strand ;
The breezes sing it every hour,
Immortalising it. Proclaim
It everywhere glad winds !

(Nokomis is anxious and doubtful.)

My choice

I leave with you.

Nokomis. Your son.

WEST-WIND.	The debt
	Of love I owe the tribes. Forget
	The past, and live for him. Oh, take
	The trust for dead Wenonah's sake.
NOKOMIS.	No, West-Wind, spare me.
WEST-WIND.	I conjure !
NOKOMIS.	Have mercy. Pity me.
WEST-WIND.	Secure
	The charge, and tend him through the
	years
	With zealous care ; see that his youth
	Be all complete when he appears
	In manhood's splendour, Strength and
	Truth !

(Then the name "Hiawatha" is heard on every side, as if Nature called aloud to NOKOMIS to take the trust. NOKOMIS and WEST-WIND are, for the moment, mute and enthralled.)

WEST-WIND. Immortal name !
NOKOMIS. The trust be mine !

WEST-WIND. I adjure you.

NOKOMIS. My trust!

WEST-WIND. Assign

Love, thought and time to him.

Employ

Your soul in this. Each hour of love

You give to him will bring you joy.

His virtues bless, his faults reprove,

Instil pure wisdom in the boy—

Nokomis, be faithful.

NOKOMIS. I will!

WEST-WIND. Much joy be thine.

NOKOMIS. If he ask me

Of his mother?

WEST-WIND. From infancy

Teach him to lisp her name before

Aught else. Her memory adore.

Have him love Wenonah as she

Loved and cherished you. Let her fill

His heart and soul.

NOKOMIS. What if he ask

His father's name?

WEST-WIND. Say, West-Wind won
His mother's love, and left his son
To merit fame.

WEST-WIND. That will be done!

NOKOMIS. **Farewell! I go!**

WEST-WIND. Where?

(Exit)

(MANABOZO, carrying the body of MISKODEEDE, is seen approaching. The Dacotahs come from their hiding-place and see MANABOZO, with his burden, drawing near. WEST-WIND turns and observes the Dacotahs prepare an ambuscade. WEST-WIND swiftly waves his arm; two clouds from opposite points descend and collide. Thunder and lightning. The Dacotahs disperse. MANABOZO unintercepted comes on, crosses the stream, goes to a bank beneath a great tree, and lays MISKODEEDE's body on it. WEST-WIND stands aloof.)

MANABOZO. Rest, Miskodeed. I found you here ;
Here all your wondrous love revealed
To me resplendent life.

(The first grey streaks of dawn are seen.)

'Twas Spring !

(Some leaves fall.)

'Tis Autumn now ! A summer brief
Love's reign must be. Still, I am near
You, Miskodeed, though death con-
cealed
Me from your eyes. Yes, Death is
king,
And makes of me his vassal grief.
Is death so fair ? Can death deceive
The eyes of love ? Then what is Sleep ?
This must be peace—yet—yet I grieve,
And at your side a vigil keep,
And hope your eyes will open wide
Beneath my kiss, then feel your arms,

In waking joy, sweep sleep aside
And cling to me— No, all the charms
Of lovely life are cold and still ;
Here, in your side, a gentle rill
Of blood is flowing. Miskodeed !

(Then, in great despair, he sinks beside the body.)

My agony exceeds my love ;
For I have lost my only need—
My Miskodeed, my tender dove,
The all of love, the very breath
Of passion's kiss, its ecstasy
And perfect bliss !— Oh, cruel Death,
To take the Soul that shone for me !

(Then a pause. In a paroxysm he plucks the knife from his girdle.)

Without its light I will not live,
Come, Death, I smite—

(He is about to plunge the knife in his breast.)

WEST-WIND.

Hold !

(MANABOZO knows the voice. He quickly turns and offers the knife to WEST-WIND. The sky is flushed.)

MANABOZO.

West-Wind, give
Me death, for see, the waking East
Recalls your words.

WEST-WIND.

Would you forsake
The Objibways ? To the Sun-feast
Hasten ! Away ! You dare not die !
Hence ! Miskodeed will never wake !
To victory !

MANABOZO.

I cannot war
With Death, nor can I vivify
This form. Oh, restore her life, or
Give me death !

WEST-WIND.

The Dacotahs wait
To slay you. Go !

MANABOZO.

No hand but thine
Shall shed my blood. Come, mitigate
My pain. One gen'rous act bestow.

WEST-WIND. Not that.

MANABOZO. You stayed this hand of mine
When it was eager for the blow.

(*A pause. WEST-WIND is in great perturbation.*
MANABOZO is determined.)

Why should you hesitate and frown ?
What am I to you ?

WEST-WIND. Nothing, but—
An Objibway of great renown.
You were the chosen of the Winds
Until Nokomis held you thrall.

MANABOZO. Then must the Winds have wished my
fall.

WEST-WIND. No, no !

MANABOZO. Once spurned by West-Wind's foot—
The others changed their fickle minds.
The chosen of the Winds ! For what ?
No, no. I do not wish to know.
Not now, West-Wind, it is too late.

WEST-WIND. No, Manabozo, it is not

Too late ! Let not this passion end
Your misspent life. Why hesitate ?
The favour of the gods regain.
Your vow of vengeance.

(He goes to MISKODEED's body and points to the wound.)

See the stain.

The thunder-clouds of war descend
Upon the tribes. You caused the
strife !

MANABOZO. The Objibways need not my life
To overthrow Dacotah.

WEST-WIND. Why ?

Nokomis was your great ally !
Without her magic aid you shun
The strife—O vulnerable one !

MANABOZO. I conquered nations long before
Nokomis gave me magic power.
That she might tell my father's name,
I sought the Wampum Belt and fame.

North, South—and East I searched in
vain,

Then to the Western gates I turned,
But naught from West-Wind could I
gain.

By all the Winds of Heaven spurned,
Rejected ; fatherless !— Befriend
Me now, and death in mercy send.

WEST-WIND. You shall not die. Miskodeed's soul
Into an eagle's body flies.

(*West-Wind waves his arm. The body of
MISKODEED disappears.*)

The great War-Eagle she shall be,
To lead you on to victory.

(*A great eagle appears on the bank where
MISKODEED's body lay.*)

Away ! Dacotah be your goal !

(*The eagle spreads its wings, rises and flies away.
MANABOZO has watched the proceeding with a look of
horror on his face. As the eagle rises and flies he*

rushes after it, then suddenly stops and watches it disappear. WEST-WIND, exasperated on seeing MANABOZO stop, goes to him, points in the direction taken by the eagle, and in a tone of terrible command —)

Follow !

MANABOZO. Farewell ! My aching eyes
Have lost you now ; and memory
Shall end with me. Oh, cruel deed !
WEST-WIND. Oh, carnal love ! Her form was all
To you.

MANABOZO. Yes, all ! Oh, Miskodeed !
“ When burns the East and mounts the
Sun ”—
See, Wabum Annung brightly glows.
The hour is come. 'Twas death I
chose.
Now, West-Wind, you have taken all
But me. Be merciful, consent,
And now dismiss a life misspent !
WEST-WIND. No, no ; not even to forestall

U. S. P. M.

Your enemies, who lurk near by,
To finish what they left undone—

MANABOZO. Then leave me to myself.

(*He plunges the knife into his breast.*)

WEST-WIND.

My son !

(WEST-WIND quickly moves to him. MANABOZO waves him back, and despairs him.)

MANABOZO. Did pity prompt you to avow ?

(*Then in triumph.*)

Miskodeed, satisfied I die !

(*Showing no suffering, and holding the knife in the wound, he turns to WEST-WIND.*)

Go, leave me, West-Wind ; you prolong
My agony. What you admit
Heals not this wound, nor rights the
wrong

You dealt me at the Western gates,



You spurned me then, I spurn you
now,
And when another emulates
My task, to gain the Belt and fame,
And asks of you his father's name,
May he o'ercome your craft and wit ;
Inflict such pain as I have felt,
And gain the cursed Wampum Belt !

(WEST-WIND, *at first humbled, then chagrined, and finally enraged, disappears in a storm. The clouds rise and reveal the Dacotahs, who rush across the stream down to MANABOZO and surround him. When WEST-WIND disappears, MANABOZO gives way to the intense agony he suffers ; still he presses the knife in the wound ; but the moment he finds himself surrounded by the Dacotahs, he recovers himself. Then in an awful fury he plucks the knife from his breast and flies at NANPASHENE. NANPASHENE escapes the blow, and MANABOZO, dazed, and weak from the exertion, staggers up to the bank on which MISKODEED lay. The Dacotahs are bewildered and awed. They*